

have bitter enmity and strife in your hearts, and lie not against the truth. JAMES iii. 14. under the influence of an unkind, fierce, impudent spirit, even while attempting, or to defend true religion, do not boast either exaltations or success in silencing an adversary; religion, and no true wisdom: and, to prove, is to lie against the truth! Let all the wisdom that is called polemic fighting, warring, dashing to heart. The pious Mr. Herbert gives advice on this subject:—

“Calmly arguing, for fierceness makes

“error a fault, and truth disagreeable;

“He should feel that man’s mistakes

“more than his own; man’s poverty,

“love I should; but never is love;

“or wisdom neither; therefore, go thy m-o-r-e.

Clarke’s Commentary.

letter at Leyden, who used to attend the public meetings held at the academy, was once asked if he could Latin? “No!” replied the mechanic; “who’s wrong in the argument?” “How?” his friend. “Why, by seeing who is angry

MONITOR.—No. 25.

PERFECT DEVOTING OURSELVES TO GOD, what wouldest thou have me to do?” was St. Peter’s inquiry when he was struck to the earth by a stone and converted by the grace of that Jesus who had persecuted. Alas! how often have we been led by our infidelities, our humors, and our sins which have withheld the works of his mercy from us! At last he has struck us down by trifles; he has crushed our pride; he has confounded our worldly wisdom; and put self-love into contempt. Let us now, therefore, say to him with resignation, “Lord, what wouldest thou have?” Hitherto my return to thee has been very evasive. I have used many evasions, and endeavored all I could from the total sacrifice which I make to thee. But I am now better disposed; lest that thou mayst become the absolute master of my life and actions.

It is sufficient that the oblation we make to God is: it is of no service while it continues and uncertain; it must descend to particularity by practice. Good purposes avail, and are worth nothing, if we do not put them into effect. We must desire perfection with greater earnestness than we ever sought a temporal good, and for God than we have already done for the world.

Let us search our hearts. Am I determined to God my strictest friendship, my most fervent inclinations, and most agreeable amanuensis?

FENELON.

“THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.”

FROM THE ENGLISH METHODIST MAGAZINE.

Editor.—If you believe the following anecdote gratify any of your readers, or contribute the bounteous interposition of Divine Providence, you have my free consent to insert it. The certainty of it may be depended on, as I had it from the person concerned, who has been an upright Christian for twenty-seven years, in the neighborhood of Redruth. I am, &c.

I. B.—Ten years ago, Richard Bowden lived with us, who at that time were so poor, they could not afford decent or whole clothes: on the contrary, all earnings were needed to support them. One morning he went to walk in the fields, he could not bear any place of worship, his raiment was abominably bad: he ascended a small hill to look at people going to a chapel in the neighborhood, which afforded him satisfaction, although he could not enjoy the privilege himself. He sat down under a shining object, at the distance of about 500 feet, attracted his notice; he approached and found a guinea with a shilling under it. They were in the ground a little, and from the blackness of the soil, it appeared they had been there a considerable time. He went home, retired, and gave God thanks. In this grateful employment it was impressed on his mind that there probably was more money in the earth than he had accounted for; and that period he could never entertain a doubt of men’s bounty; neither has he had cause, for ever since he has enjoyed the necessities and conveniences of life.

COVETOUSNESS DETECTED.

The following was published a number of years ago in a Portsmouth paper.

“A man, a number of years since, who lived near me, was very desirous to be rich, that he did good. He owned a certain field, which was very stony. One night he dreamed that all those stones had become gold. He soon felt anxious to see if this was so; but the wish to do good was now gone. He sought himself rich and independent. His first object was to secure his gold. So he concluded to hire men, search every one of them, and cut out all the pockets, lest they should steal one of the stones. And the rocks were rocks still; for the dream had failed to him the covetous disposition of his heart, praised God that he had but little of the world to live on.”

“HAPPINESS.—It is not what we possess which makes us happy, but what we enjoy; it is not what we have that gives us pain, but what we desire. In desiring nothing, one is just as happy as he who hath all creatures. How many things may there be wanting to the greatest prince! To sleep in health, and in plenty; to live in the esteem and affections of others; what can be wanting to render such a man happy? Why, contentment! No wonder then that men are miserable.”

“The most perfect happiness resides often with a man, than with the world; and with a man, than with spinsters. The reply of a French woman to a young gentleman, who solicited her to leave her rustic state, and accompany him to Paris, was extremely just. ‘Ah! my lord, (said she) the farther we remove from ourselves, the farther we are removed from happiness.’

“CHARACTER.—There is always something great in man against whom the world exclaims, at whom every throws a stone, and on whose character all set to fix a thousand crimes without being able to find one.”

ZIMMERMAN.

“DURAGE.—It is not the daringness of kicking a man at a tavern; it is not the strutting with a cocked pistol in scatred; it is not uttering oaths and execrations at every word, which form the characteristics of true courage. That man only is truly a man who fears nothing so much as committing a mean act; and undauntedly fulfills his duty, whatever be the dangers which impede his way.”

“EMPLOYMENT.—Scorn to live in society as if to enter the world for other purpose than just to turn there a while, eat, drink, play, sleep, grow sick, die.”

ZION’S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON SIAS, FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND AND MAINE CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH....B. BADGER, EDITOR.

Vol. III.

ZION’S HERALD.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION’S HERALD.

Mrs. BADGER,

The duplicate of the “Herald,” of April 27, containing an unanswered communication of “A Methodist,” reached me only this day. I take the liberty to mention this, not only as it furnishes an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to you, but of assuring your correspondent and your readers, that the delay of a distinct notice of his remarks in that paper, is but the result of a novice’s want of knowledge.

On reviewing what he has written, I perceive that there are some points brought forward that were considered in the reply to “Another Methodist,” given in a paper of later date. These, it will not be necessary for me to notice again, till the errors of the reply are pointed out. Other points require attention, and I trust will be discussed with candor, if not with the ability that I could wish.

Permit me to express my grief, that “A Methodist” should so far have misunderstood me, as to represent me as not allowing to ministers, with an incompetent education, “the character and respect due to the ministers of Christ.”

Certainly such a sentiment has no place in my heart; and I shall deeply regret the inadvertency, if it has flowed from my pen. I cannot afford to let it stand.

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ZION'S HERALD.....DEVOTED TO RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE,

Some of the last words that Hobo said to me were "I thank God that he sent the Abagandis, (Teachers or Missionaries,) to teach me the way to heaven." If no other effect should be produced by this mission than the salvation of Hobo, it will, in my opinion, be an abundant reward for all the money expended, and all the time and labor that have been bestowed upon it. To the ever blessed God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be ascribed as is most due, all the praise and glory, world without end. Amen and Amen!

PRINCE MORO.*

"The following paper," says the Christian Advocate, "was put into our hands by a friend, who received it from a friend in Fayetteville in North Carolina, by whom it was drawn up." Such cases we believe are not uncommon. We have heard of several instances of learned Mahomedans among the slaves being destroyed and devoured by the cannibal tribes in the southern states, who were probably priests or priests in their native country.

About the year 1808, a South Carolina rice planter purchased and sent to his plantation a gang of slaves, among whom was a man of a slender frame and delicate constitution, who was not able to labor in the field, or had not the disposition to do so. His health failing, he was considered of no value and disregarded. At length he strolled off, and wandering from plantation to plantation, reached Fayetteville, was taken up as a runaway and put in jail, where he remained some time. As no one claimed him, and he appeared of no value, the jail was thrown open, that he might run away; but he had no disposition to make his escape. The boys amused themselves with his good natured, playful behavior, and fitted up a temporary desk, made of a flour barrel, on which he wrote in a masterly hand, writing from right to left, in what was to them an unknown language. He was also noticed by some gentlemen of the place; but he grew tired of so useless a charge, and he was publicly sold for his jail dues. His purchaser, a gentleman living about 30 miles from Fayetteville, finding him rather of a slender make, took him into his family as a house servant. Here he soon became a favorite of the inmates of the house, particularly of the children. His good conduct in a short time put him in possession of all his master's stores, and he gradually acquired a knowledge of the English language. His master being a pious man, he was instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, which he received with great pleasure; and he seemed to see new beauties in the plan of the gospel, which had never appeared to him in the Koran; for he had been reared and instructed in the Mahomedan religion, and it was found that the scraps of writing from his pen, were mostly passages from the Koran. It would seem that he was a prince in his own country, which must have been far in the interior of Africa—perhaps Tombuctoo or its neighborhood. At all events, his intercourse with the Arabs had enabled him to write and to speak their language with the most perfect ease. Some of the Africans pretend to say he was what they call a "praying-God" to the king; by which may be understood, a priest or learned man, who offered up prayers for the king of his nation, and was of his household. His dignified deportment showed him to be of a superior cast—his humility, that of a peaceful subject, not a despot. In his person he is well formed of a middle size, small hands and feet, and erect in his deportment. His complexion and hair, as well as the form of the head, are distinctly of the African character. Some years since, he united himself to the Presbyterian church in Fayetteville, of which he continues an orderly and respectable member. A gentleman who felt a strong interest for the good Prince Moro, as he is called, sent to the British Bible Society, and procured for him an Arabic Bible; so that he now reads the Scriptures in his native language, and blesses Him who causes good to come out of evil, by making him a slave. His good master has offered to send him to his native land, his home and his friends; but he says "No,—this is my home, and here are my friends, and here is my Bible; I enjoy all I want in this world. If I should return to my native land, the routine of war might transport me to a country where I should be deprived of the greatest of all blessings, that of worshipping the true and living God, and his Son Jesus Christ, whom to worship and serve is eternal life."

"My dear deliverer out of hopeless night,
Whose bounty bought me life to give me light;
Sing on, sing on, my native plain,
Thy lips have died instruction as the chain;
Taught me what path to shun, and what pursue;
Farewell my former joys! Lazarus more;
For Africa's once loved, brigaded shore;
Seizing a benefactor, I am free.
At my best house, if not exiled from thee."
COTTER.

* The Philadelphia Recorder says, "We can vouch for the truth of this article, as we were well acquainted with Prince Moro, and had several conversations with him on the state of Africa. He speaks English more imperfectly than any African we have ever seen, still can make himself intelligible. He represents himself as having been educated at Tashkent, and speaks Arabic fluently. He is a most honourable man. He composed a history of his own life, and it was set to music in our literary institutions, but what has become of it we do not at present know.—He belongs to the Foula tribe."

CHRISTIAN FIRMNESS.—A Yorkshire tradesman, some time ago accommodated a merchant of his acquaintance, with set of men to sort quantity of wool. This happened on the Saturday, and the wool was wanted immediately. The men, twelve in number, fell to work, but were not able to finish that night. The merchant on perceiving this, requested the men to attend punctually in the morning, as the business he stated would admit of no delay. One of those persons was a member of our society, and well known to the wool-sorts, as a man of sound Christian principles. He heard the charge given, and the reason assigned for it; and he also heard the workmen muttering among themselves, and making allusions to him. The initials of our friend's name were J. S. Now J. S. was a man of courage, in the cause of his Lord and Master; and though of simple manners, his address was so easy and unaffected, that he could reprove a superior, or equal, in a way which was seldom found offensive. This gave him a considerable ascendancy among his fellow workmen, and his services as spokesman were often called into exercise. As J. S.'s motto was always truth, and his reputation in that point of view well established, he commonly obtained a patient hearing from his employer, even in cases when no other person dared open his lips. In the present instance, the honor of God and religion were at stake. J. S. therefore came forward, and with honest countenance, and Christian feeling, looking the merchant full in the face, he delivered the following address:—"Do you not know, sir, that tomorrow is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates?" Oh! sir, do but consider—what is a man profited if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" See, Christian reader, the force of truth: on hearing these words, the merchant's countenance instantly fell, and turning pale, he made this honorable reply:—"Well, my lad, if this be the case, I will not desire you to break the Sabbath."—"Sir," continued the man of God, "I will call you early on Monday morning, and we will finish the work as quickly as possible." Monday morning came. J. S. recalled his pledge—the work was soon completed—and the men were liberally paid for the job. This done, the merchant turned to J. S. and said with marked approbation, "Here, my man, is two and sixteen for you." How admirable is Christian firmness! and how truly is that saying, "Goldfin is profitable to all things: having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

The London Missionary Chronicle, for July last, contains some interesting intelligence from the South Sea Islands. The same publication for May, barely mentioned that Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, composing the deputation of the London Missionary Society to the different stations under its care in the South Sea Islands, had made a voyage from Otaheite to New South Wales, in the eastern part of New Holland. The particulars of this voyage have since been received in England, and are now before us.

It appears that they sailed from the Society Islands June 7th, 1824, and arrived at their destination August 19th. On their way, they stopped at various islands, and in one of them narrowly escaped being destroyed and devoured by the cannibal tribes.

But we will not anticipate the journal.—*Rec. and Tel.*

MANGEEA.*

On the 15th we made the Island of Mangeea, where we landed the two untrained teachers who had been sent by the church at Tahaa to this island, with the hope of inducing the heathen inhabitants to abandon their idols, and to embrace the gospel. Mr. Williams had attempted to land two men with their wives here a year before; but the savage treatment which the women met with, rendered it essentially necessary to receive both them and their husbands on board again. On our approach to the island several canoes came off; but it was with difficulty we could prevail upon any of the natives to come near the vessel. Their appearance and behavior indicated strongly their heathen condition, though a fine race of people, and exhibited a striking contrast with other Islanders who have embraced the gospel. We took our leave of the two teachers whom we had brought them. Fearless they landed in a canoe which we had brought for this purpose, and were well received by numerous natives who covered the beach. We expected every moment to see their European clothing torn from their persons; but no injury was attempted, and they began to converse with the people. We stood off and on for some time, to see in what manner they were like to be treated. One of them afterwards came off to us in a canoe which had borrowed to take on shore some little articles of property which he had left, and spoke well of the treatment which they had met with, and had not the least apprehension of any danger by residing among them. Leaving them in the hands of a gracious God, and fervently praying for their success, we proceeded on our voyage towards Mitiaro and Mauti, two islands which have lately received the gospel, to which the other two teachers, with their wives, were destined, to assist their brethren who were placed there by Mr. Williams. But the wind was so stormy and contrary, that it was impossible to reach them, though we approached the former island within four miles, under the lee of which we remained the night during a tremendous gale, and next morning shaped our course for the island of Atiu, which we made in the course of the day, (the 17th.)

ATIU.

Teachers had been placed here about a year before by Mr. Williams and Bourne, and the first tidings which were announced by a man in a canoe was, that the whole of the inhabitants had embraced the gospel, and thrown away their idols, and had built a large chapel. Another very important piece of information which he gave us, and which tended to excite the most lively joy in our hearts, was, that a boat belonging to Mr. Williams. But the wind was so stormy and contrary, that it was impossible to reach them, though we approached the former island within four miles, under the lee of which we remained the night during a tremendous gale, and next morning shaped our course for the island of Atiu, which we made in the course of the day, (the 17th.)

To Delinquents.—Those of our subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions, are requested to do so, with their respective agents, or make arrangements with the publisher, by mail, without delay. The publishing committee have contracted a heavy debt, in placing the Herald in its present state of successful operation; and punctuality on the part of our patrons is peculiarly desirable.

Religious Liberty in Buenos Ayres.—The government of Buenos Ayres has formally recommended to the House of Representatives of that province the establishment of the liberty of divine worship in the broadest and most unrestricted manner by the adoption of the following simple but comprehensive law:

"The right which every man has, to worship the Divinity agreeably to his own conscience, is inviolable in the territory of the province."

In the note accompanying their proposition, the government adopt a language which must be highly gratifying to every friend of religious liberty. They say that the term *toleracion* is too tame, and ought not to be introduced into any law which shall be framed on the subject. "The province," say they, "would appear to descend from the point of civilization which it has attained, if it were to establish a law of toleration, or to pretend to grant a liberty, which the public authority was always obliged to protect; but since the laws that formerly governed, render necessary an act to abolish them and give a solemn guarantee to persons who may wish to live in our society, the government has found no other way to do it with dignity than by the proposed law, which it has the honor to transmit for the consideration of the honorable representatives. This act, which will complete the liberty of the citizens, will not be less glorious than that which solemnly declared the independence of the republic.—*W. Y. Obs.*

A noble example.—A correspondent of the Western Recorder, in a letter dated Rochester, July 20th, says

"This morning, an association is formed to supply

all the destitute places in Monroe county, with a stat-

ed ministry. It will be done." A few months since,

it will be recollect, an association was formed in this

same county, for the supply of every destitute family

with a Bible. It was then said, "It will be done,"

and it has been done. We have no doubt, that the

pledge which is now given, will also be redeemed.—

Here is an example of energy, worthy the imitation

of Christians in every part of our country. It would

be an easy matter to supply our destitute settlements

with ministers, and to accomplish all the great objects

which our benevolent societies have in view, if every

part of the country possessed the spirit which pervades

Monroe county.—*Ib.*

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

PREJUDICE AGAINST NATIONAL BENEVOLENT SO-

CETIES.

Since the recent formation of the American Tract Society, embracing the principal denominations of Evangelical Christians, the question has been agitated with considerable interest, how far institutions of this kind are desirable, or even practicable. Some very sincere and devoted friends of the Lord Jesus have seriously questioned whether the different denominations can unite beyond the single effort of circulating the Scriptures without note or comment. Others of a very different character, have violently opposed all further concentration of efforts to spread the Gospel, as being a means by which the exertions of Christians would be systematized and strengthened, and the truths and doctrines of Evangelical and vital religion gain a wider and more powerful ascendancy. "Concentrated action," they believe, "is powerful action;" and when they observe Christians forgetting the minor points in which they differ, and uniting to preach

"Christ and him crucified to men, they tremble for the cause of the adversary. But this is not all. When

they see evangelical Christians of different denominations cordially uniting their efforts, it affords them a new evidence that vital religion is one, with whatever external forms it may be connected, and is therefore a reality; and if so, the argument is plain, that continuing its enemies they are lost, for this world, and of

merit of her safety.

Visit to the Wesleyan Missionary Settlement.

So soon as this difference was adjusted, and peace

was restored, we accompanied Mr. White to the mis-

sionary settlement, where we met with the kindest

and most affectionate reception. We were highly

pleased with this little missionary family, who possess

much of the spirit of their high office, and who, we

rejoice to say, reside in safety in the midst of a large

tribe of these poor cannibals, with hopeful prospects of

usefulness among them. They have made good pro-

gress in acquiring the New Zealand language, which is,

in fact, a dialect of the Tahitian, and have two houses

in which they keep schools and preach to the people,

some of whom attend. This settlement is in a sequen-

tial and beautiful situation, at the head of a deep and

romantic valley. The tribe consists of about four

hundred individuals. We deeply regretted not being

able to see the Church Mission at the Bay of Islands

—but were happy to hear the Wesleyans speak favorably of its present state and prospects.

here awaited us, we were apprehensive of no danger; having no means of defence, we took no precautions to guard against attack. So soon as we came to an anchor, several canoes came around, many natives came on board and all behaved well, and left us at the setting of the sun. Early next morning, a considerable number of canoes of great size, and containing multitudes of people surrounded us—and soon our main deck was crowded by men, women, and children, bringing with them various articles for sale, and we were busy buying their curiosities, &c. when a scene of almost unparalleled horror immediately occurred. The captain had been informed that they were stealing whatever they could reach, and had broken open a trunk of clothes, and had taken most of them off; he became indignant, and resolved to remove them all from the deck. In the confusion a native fell overboard into the sea, and the rest supposing that he had been struck and injured, immediately rose upon us—many of them had axes—others spears, and the rest armed themselves with billets of fire-wood—the whole were armed in a few seconds, the women and children were removed into the canoes into which many of the men threw their mats, prepared for action, and commenced their war songs, accompanying them with all their horrid gesticulations and grimaces. Their faces, rendered hideous by their *tatouings*, became by anger more hideous, and the whole had more the appearance of infernals than men. Our crew fled to the rigging, while we waited our doom upon the quarter deck. They surrounded us, placed themselves behind us with their weapons uplifted, ready, as soon as the signal might be given, to strike the blow—and we expected nothing else but to be instantly killed, baked in their ovens, and eaten by these dreadful cannibals. They handled our persons to see what sort of food we should be for them, and behaved in the most rude and insolent manner. At one moment, the captain had four spears pointed at his breast. We used every effort to hide our fears, and prevent them from perceiving that we were apprehensive of danger. But this was impossible—for we were entirely in their hands. What aggravated our misery and apprehension, was the recollection that the ship Boyd, Captain Thomson, about fifteen years before, and in this very place where we were at anchor, had been cut off, the captain, crew, and passengers, in all nearly one hundred persons killed and eaten! The wreck of the ship was within our view. But we cried to the Lord in our distress, and he heard and delivered us. They were restrained by an invisible hand, while we remained in this condition of insatiable horror for about an hour and a half. At length our boat which had been sent up to the missionary settlement the night before, hove in sight at the distance of about a mile. This threw a ray of hope over our desponding minds—and we waited its arrival with the greatest anxiety—but expected to be despatched before it could possibly reach us. But God was better than our fears. At length the boat came along side, and we found, to our inexpressible joy, that she had brought Mr. White, one of the missionaries, and George, a native chief of great power and influence here. It was the very chief who instigated the cutting off of the Boyd—but he was sent by a kind Providence to be our deliverer. They immediately came on deck. So soon as they learned what had happened, Mr. White addressed the people, and George became highly indignant with them, and spoke to them with great vehemence on the evil of their conduct;—he soon cleared the deck, the people fled to their canoes, and a good understanding was restored. It was indeed like life from the dead—and we began to sing of mercy as well as judgment. O what shall we render to the Lord for all his goodness! Our extremity was his opportunity. The wrath of man was made to praise him—and the remainder he restrained. Never shall we forget this great deliverance. A few days ago, a vessel arrived in this colony, (N. S. Wales) whose captain, with his boat's crew of six men, in another part of New Zealand, had been cut off and killed soon after the affair happened in Whangaroa which we describe. However, it is just to say, that we do not believe the people had any bad signs when they came on board; and what happened, arose from the accident of the man falling overboard. By various presents we succeeded in detaining this chief on board the vessel so long as we remained in the harbor, as the only means of her safety.

Religious Liberty in Buenos Ayres.—The government of Buenos Ayres has formally recommended to the House of Representatives of that province the establishment of the liberty of divine worship in the broadest and most unrestricted manner by the adoption of the following simple but comprehensive law:

"The right which every man has, to worship the Divinity agreeably to his own conscience, is inviolable in the territory of the province."

"The note accompanying their proposition, the government adopt a language which must be highly gratifying to every friend of religious liberty. They say that the term *toleracion* is too tame, and ought not to be introduced into any law which shall be framed on the subject.

"The province," say they, "would appear to descend from the point of civilization which it has attained, if it were to establish a law of toleration, or to pretend to grant a liberty, which the public authority was always obliged to protect; but since the laws that formerly governed, render necessary an act to abolish them and give a solemn guarantee to persons who may wish to live in our society, the government has found no other way to do it with dignity than by the proposed law, which it has the honor to transmit for the consideration of the honorable representatives. This act, which will complete the liberty of the citizens, will not be less glorious than that which solemnly declared the independence of the republic.—*W. Y. Obs.*

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SCIENCE, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

will be requisite for publishing an adequate number of tracts for the country; and every cent contributed by the committee to publish at least ten thousand copies of the Sinner's Prayer; one copy of which was sold at New Haven about seven o'clock on Monday evening, all well and happy in the Lord.

Yours, in haste,
JOHN LUCKEY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
CAMP-MEETING.

Danville, Vt. August 26, 1825.

DEAR BROTHER.—The season has arrived in this Conference, in which many of our brethren are re-pairing to the tented grove, for religious exercises.

We have been favored by the Herald, with an account of the Camp-meeting at Falmouth. It is cheering indeed to our hearts, to hear of accessions to the Re-deemer's kingdom, and the quickening of the Lord's people.

And we know of no ordinary means of grace so happily calculated, with the blessing of God, to bring home the wanderer, awaken the careless sinner, and revive the saints of God. We dare not say these are the only means God is pleased to bless.

The Lord is still attentive to those who pray in secret, and regards such openly. Around the domestic altar, He proves himself the God of all the families of the earth.

In the social circle for prayer and praise, He verifies His promise, "there am I in the midst of them." His people witness, from Sabbath to Sabbath, that the Gospel is the power of God, unto salvation, to them that believe. Special revivals are witnessed amongst us; but in hundreds of instances, the first serious impressions are traced to the retired grove, where, for reasons not known to us, sinners have repented, and while attending the exercises of the Lord's servants, "they have been converted of all, have been judged of all," and thus have the secrets of their hearts been made manifest.

They have fallen down on their faces, acknowledging that "God is here of a truth." Why the Saviors chose the retirement of the mountain to preach his admirable sermon contained in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew, or the summit of a mountain to show Peter, James and John his glory, in such a manner as caused them to exclaim, "It is good for us to be here." Why, in the wilderness of Judea, at Jordan, God himself proclaimed from heaven, "This is my beloved Son;" while the Holy Spirit, like a dove, descended upon him—why the miracles of feeding the thousands were wrought in a desert—and why in this age, Camp-meetings are so highly honored, with the presence of God, and with the miracles of his grace—perhaps we are not fully prepared to answer.

But we do say, these are important facts. And it is our happiness to know, that the Lord is still with his people, manifesting himself to them, as he does not unto the world. Long experience and observation enables us to say, the change experienced at Camp-meetings, is, in most cases, genuine. Hundreds have been converted, reclaimed, &c. Whoever has with attention the numerous accounts of revival societies, which we have published the past year, must have observed, that in most instances, their might be traced to the blessing of God on the meetings.

—One of our correspondents inquires, whether a person in a state of justification, is a fit object for the kingdom of heaven—and requests an answer from some other correspondent.

—The health of Bishop HEDDING was very delicate when he left Boston on his tour to the west, for reformation of his friends, we publish the following extract of a letter to the publisher, dated W. H. & Co., N. Y. Aug. 11, 1825. "As you are acquainted with Bishop HEDDING, it may perhaps be interesting to you to know that he passed through die, on Monday last, on his way to the Genesee, in good health."

—The present is the season in which Camp-meetings are usually held, we hope our correspondents throughout the country will give us, in a concise form, particulars concerning them, and the effects resulting from them, as may be interesting to our readers.

The accounts which follow, as well as those we give in our preceding numbers, are full of interest, and must convince every unprejudiced mind,

that the meetings were hallowed by the presence of God.

In some instances we have received extracts of the sermons preached on these occasions; of which we would observe, that, though very good, they are, in our opinion, exactly suited to the purpose of weekly paper. In most cases, we prefer a more general account of the meetings, interspersed with extracts respecting their usefulness, the probable converts, reclaimed, &c. Whoever has

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ON KARL PEACE—GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1825.

To Delinquents.—Those of our subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions, are requested to do so, with their respective agents, or make their remittances to the publisher, by mail, without delay. The Committee have contracted a heavy debt, reducing the Herald in its present state of success, to despondency; and punctuality on the part of our subscribers is particularly desirable.

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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CAMP-MEETING AT COMPO, CONN.

send you a short account of the Camp-meeting at Compo, commencing the 15th of August.

You may make what use of it you please.

The camp ground lies on the Sanguatic river, one

from Long Island Sound. The landing of passers, in full tide, was very convenient.

The surface of the ground was truly novel, encompassing

the natural amphitheatre, in the centre one of

which the herald proclaimed the gospel of peace to

great congregation.

—Several tents were pitched on the first day of meeting. The first sermon was preached on Friday evening, under which one soul cried aloud for mercy; many more manifested their concern for their souls by their tears. Let it suffice, at present, to say that the preaching during the whole of the meeting "in demonstration of the Spirit and power."

On Wednesday and Thursday there were judged to

between 7 and 8000 people on the ground—per-

1500 of them were Methodists—among whom

30 travelling, and about the same number of

preachers, all of whom were more or less em-
ployed in promoting the cause of our blessed Redeemer.

As nearly as can be ascertained, there were about

tents on the encampment. About sixty souls,

the whole, were hopefully converted to God. "O

men would praise the Lord for his goodness and

his wonderful works to the children of men;" for

by his works were wonderful. To see, at one

time, the vain and thoughtless sinner speeding his

over the ground, from circle to circle, and tent to

tent, where the children of God were worshipping, ex-
pecting to see or hear something about which he

might make a great noise; and persecute them;

in the next moment, perhaps, his proud heart being

awakened by the awakening grace of God, you would

him crying, "God is merciful to me a sinner"

Save, Lord, or I perish." Soon, the Lord par-
ing his sins, you would hear him say, "O Lord, I

praise thee; though thou wast angry with me,

the anger was transient and thou comfortest me,"

to see such changes not only in one, but in fifty

, including men, women, and children, (many

of whom are of the first respectability,) is truly won-
derful, and a subject which demands both gratitude

and a prayer to Almighty God.

—The high sheriff of Fairfield County and his

name do themselves and office great honor by their

diligent, and dignified conduct on the ground.

They were most emphatically "a terror to evil doers,

a praise to them that did well." On Friday morn-

ing the 19th, we were called to the stand. An ap-
propriate and weighty address was delivered by the

Rev. S. Luckey; and we began to strike our

gongs. But, O, how mysterious are the ways of Pro-
vidence! We looked towards the Sound, and saw the

seas roll mountain high, so that it was impossible

to go out or come into the mouth of the

river. We immediately prepared ourselves for a

long stay on the ground. Meetings in the tents

elsewhere were recommended. The good Lord

had power—We left his presence—we said, "It

is good for us to be here." Sinners were awakened,

converted, backsliders reclaimed, and saints re-

stored.

The rains descended, the winds blew—the

sun shone, and beat upon us, but we were happy

as if we stood on our spiritual rock, and that

was Christ. On Sabbath morning we held a

feast, God was in the midst of us—One man arose

and said, "Almost every Camp-meeting I have been

takeen one or more of my children with me,

the Lord converted them—I have brought one to

meet me—the Lord has made her happy. And I

thoughts of enjoining it upon my executors, in

my decease, to take the remainder of my chil-

dren to Camp-meeting, until they are all converted."

Our long detention we expected to be short of

provisions; but our good friends near the ground supplied us bountifully. Monday morning, the sound was calm—we went on board the steam boat, and landed at New Haven about seven o'clock on Monday evening, all well and happy in the Lord.

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with attention the numerous accounts of revival societies, which we have published the past year, must have observed, that in most instances, their might be traced to the blessing of God on the meetings.

We recollect that the bills of mortality, in past years, during the fall and winter months, have exhibited an astonishing catalogue of deaths among young ladies—and while they are the tides of fashion which discard the use of warm and comfortable clothing, they will be unwilling to leaven to any advice which is at war with gauze and muslins. Woman is a tender plant at best, and should be nurtured with the utmost caution; and while they are the tides of fashion which discard those men who love their wives and daughters as they should be loved, will always have an eye to their exercise and dress; these properly managed, will prolong their lives, and make them healthy, useful, happy, and interesting beings.

—Revival in South Carolina.—We have before mentioned that a work of grace was progressing in the Rosemary and Healing Spring Churches, within the bounds of the Savannah River Association; and we are now rejoiced to state that this revival still continues. Upwards of 100 members have been added to each of these churches, and the prospects are yet dexterous.—S. C. Intelligencer.

Revival in Kentucky.—There were added to the New Providence church, in Mercer County, under the pastoral care of Rev. Thos. Cleland, on the third Sabbath in July, sixteen persons on examination: seven were young females, and nine, heads of families; others are under deep impressions, though there are no general excitement.—West. Luminary.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

The Commencement at Harvard University on Wednesday last, was, as usual, numerously attended.

Strangers of distinction, and many ladies were present. The exercises were respectable, and such as did credit to the institution.

The Boylston Prizes for Elocution, contended for on Thursday were awarded as follows:—to Cornelius McLean, of Washington City, and Cazneau Palfrey, of Boston, Seniors, fifteen dollars each—to Hersey B. Goodwin, of Plymouth, Timothy Walker, of Wilmington, Juniors, ten dollars each.

The exercises of the Phi Beta Kappa Society were an Oration on the "Revolutions of Letters," by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of Boston, and a Poem, by Mr. David H. Barlow.

The Annual Commencement of Brown University, will be celebrated at Providence, this day. The class of young gentlemen to be graduated consists of fifty-two members.

The first Commencement at Amherst College was observed on the 24th ult. There were 23 Graduates, and 44 young gentlemen were admitted to the Freshman's Class.

The annual Commencement at Dartmouth College took place on the 24th ult. Twenty-six young gentlemen received the degree of A. B. and twenty-eight that of A. M. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on the Hon. Cornelius P. Van Ness, Governor of the state of Vermont. The same degree was conferred by the University of Vermont, on Gov. Mor

ZION'S HERALD :---MISCELLANEOUS....INSTRUCTIVE....ENTERTAINING.

THE HERALD'S HARP.



FROM THE BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.

The following lines were written by a lady of Massachusetts; and reflect no little credit both on her head and her heart.

THE SACRIFICE.

The morning's sun rose bright and clear,
On Abram's tent it gayly shone;
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All, save the Patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,
It forced into his eye the tear;
For though his soul was all resigned,
Yet nature fondly lingered there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smiled;
Joy over her face its lustre shed,
For near her sat her only child.

The charms that piës'd a monarch's eye,
Upon her cheek had left their trace:
His highly augured destiny
Was written in his heavenly face.

The groaning father turned away,
And wrung the inner tempt apart—
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whispered in his heart:

"O must this son to whom was given
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of heaven,
Be slain by a fond parent's hand?

This son, for whom my eldest born
Was sent an outcast from his home;
And in some wilderness forlorn
A savage exile doomed to roam?

But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfil
The known and certain will of God?

Arise, my son! the cruel fil,
And store the scrip with due supplies;
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice!"

The mother raised a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there—
"She feared the desert drear and dry!
She feared the savage lurking there!"

Abram beheld, and made reply:

"On Him, from whom our blessings flow,

My sister, we with faith rely;

"Tis by commands, and we must go!"

The dutous son in haste obeyed,
The scrip was filled, the mules prepared;
And with the third day's twight shade
Moriah's lofty hill appeared.

The menials then at distance wait—
Alone ascend the son and sire;
The wood on Isaac's shoulders laid,
The wood—to build his funeral pyre!

No passion swayed the father's mind,
He felt a calm, a death-like chill—
His soul, all chastened, all resigned,
Bowed meekly—though he shuddered still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder, Isaac cries,

"My father, lo! the fire and wood—

But where's the lamb for sacrifice?"

The Holy Spirit staved his mind,
While Abraham answered low, asic,
With steady voice, and look resigned,
God will himself land provide!

But let no pen profane like mine,
On holiest themes, too rashly dare—
Turn to the Book of Books divine,
And read the blessed promise there.

Ages on ages roll'd away—
At length the hour appointed came;
And on the Mount of Calvary
God did himself provide a Lamb!

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

When sickness invades, when sorrows depress,
When deep sighing sighs, speak heart-felt distress,
When friends are unfaithful, or brethren unkind,
When dark, gloomy scenes obtrude on the mind,
When wealth loses value, no honors are sought,
When time, highly prized, is passing for naught,
When lone and unheeded, life's transient hours,
Are passed in vain strife with opposing powers;
If you have a kind friend, who ever is near,
To soothe the pained bosom, and wipe off the tear;
You may then be cheerful; let nothing distract,
No fear unmixed, will e'er have access.
Away with your trifles, away with conceit;
A heart light and cheerful, makes foes all retreat.

F. S.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SOPHIA LORD was the twelfth and youngest child of Jeremiah and Tryphena Lord, of East Windsor, Conn. Her father dying when she was about 11 years old, the care and responsibility of her education devolved solely upon her widowed mother. She was taught the fear of God, and frequently commended to Him in prayer. Though she was endowed with an amiable disposition, and was rigidly moral in her conduct, yet she was remarkably lively and vain, and neglected the one thing needed, as too many do in the morning of life. Her pious brother and sister frequently warned her of the dreadful consequences of living in sin, until their importunities became so unpleasant, she said, "I wish you would say no more on that subject, for I am determined to pay no attention to it." In August, 1823, being at a prayer meeting, she was awakened by hearing a female pray. After being deeply distressed in soul for more than a week, she was brought out happy in God. The change wrought in her by the Spirit of God, became so apparent to all her gay companions, that they nearly despaired of having another party of pleasure, as the one who had inspired them with so much life and enjoyment, had deserted them. She soon joined the Methodist church, of which she continued a worthy member till her death. In July, 1824, she was attacked by a cough, from which time her health gradually declined, till, in January, her symptoms became so alarming, as to induce the belief, that she would soon go the way of all the earth. During her confinement she was perfectly resigned to the will of God. The Bible was her constant companion, from whose precious promises she derived abundant consolation. As long as she was able, she would sing her favorite hymn,

"O when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above," &c.

And when she became unable to sing herself, she would request her brother to sing—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Asking her one day, if Christ was precious to her soul, she replied, "the world has lost all its attractions to me; I shall soon go home to rest." Such were her overpowering views of heavenly glory, that she longed to depart and be with Christ, that without the interposing veil of flesh and sense, she might behold his glory. She had her reason perfectly till the last; and just before she expired, being asked by her brother if Christ still continued precious to her soul, being unable to speak, with a smiling countenance, she squeezed his hand so hard, that the most positive assurance from her dying lips, could not have afforded stronger evidence of the heavenly transport of her soul. Thus did our beloved sister triumphantly resign her spirit into the hands of her Saviour, on the 10th of May, 1825. Truly the last end of the righteous is peace. May we live the life, that we may die the death, and secure the eternal reward of the righteous.

B. F. L.

East Windsor, Conn. Aug. 23, 1825.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, in Duxbury, (Mass.) August 27th, JULIET, only daughter of Mr. Lemuel Harlow, at the 22d year of her age. Death has again visited our church, and taken one of its most promising members: while her parents and friends are left to mourn the early departure of their much beloved and interesting daughter. But they "mourn not as those who have no hope," for though cut off in the morning of her life, with the world before her, yet as she has answered "life's great end," and finished the work which heaven gave her to do, we all rejoice in the belief that she "sleeps in Jesus," and has already heard her Master say, "well done good and faithful servant."

The deceased embraced religion in the winter of 1823, under the ministry of brother Isaac Jenison, through whose instrumentality she was brought to give up all for Christ. And she has evinced the reality of her experience by a uniform and growing attachment to her adorable Saviour, to his service, his people, and to all his institutions. The religion of Juliet Harlow was not a momentary glare of the feelings, it was not an enjoyment depending on occasions or circumstances; but it was a settled, divine, and heavenly principle, which actuated all her heart, all her deportment and conversation, like the sun in the firmament, which, from the instant he rises, never stops till he arrives at the meridian. So with our departed sister; from the moment she heard the voice that bid her "be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven," till the period she was called up higher, to join the company of the redeemed, she was constantly found pursuing her appointed course. Shortly after she embraced religion she united herself with the Methodist church in this place; and would to God that all young females professing religion would be such ornaments to the cause of piety, and such lights in the church. "To all who were acquainted with her she appeared more like an old experienced saint than one so young in grace: and though dead, she lives in the affectionate remembrance of many, particularly her sisters in Christ, to whom she was so much endeared, and who have with her, taken a sweet counsel" in the blessed exercises of public and social worship. On their hearts her example has left indelible impressions, and they look forward to the day when they shall join her in the song of Moses and the Lamb, for ever and ever. Her last sickness was long and distressing in the extreme; but her patience was great indeed. All her appearances on the bed of affliction seemed to say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." And to the last hour of her sufferings she gave proof that she "knew in whom she had believed, and that he was able to keep that which she had committed to him, till that day." O that her companions in the church, as well as her young acquaintances, with all who may read this notice, may, like her, become acquainted with Jesus while in their youth, and then follow her happy spirit to the realms of everlasting glory.

B. O.

Duxbury, Aug. 29, 1825.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

TO MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

How much may be done, sirs, by your visits! It would be well for you to impose it as a law upon yourselves, "never to make an unprofitable visit"—even when you pay a visit merely for civility or entertainment. It would be easy for you to observe this law: "that you will drop some sentence or other which may be good for the use of edifying, before you leave the company." There have been pastors who have been able to say, that they scarce ever went into a house among their people, without some essay or purpose to do good in the house before they left it.

You may resolve to visit all the families belonging to your congregation; taking one afternoon in each week for that purpose: and it may be proper to give previous notice to each family, that you intend at such time to visit them. On visiting a family, you may endeavor, with addresses as forcible and as respectful as possible, to treat with every person about their everlasting interests. First, you may discourse with the elder people upon such points as you think most proper with them. Especially charge them to maintain family prayer, and obtain their promise of establishing it, if it has hitherto been neglected; yes, pray with them, that you may show them how to pray, as well as to obtain their purposes for it. You may, likewise, press upon them the care of instructing their children and servants in the holy religion of our Saviour, to bring them up for him. If any of them should have spoken are absent, you may frequently leave one or two solemn texts of scripture, which you may think most suitable for them; desiring some one present affectionately to remember you to them, and from you to recommend them to that oracle of God. You may then call for the children and servants, and putting to them such questions of the Catechism as you think fit, you may, from their answers, make lively applications to them, for engaging them to the fear of the Lord. You may frequently obtain from them, promises relating to secret prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and obedience to their parents and employers. Some of the younger people you may order to bring their Bibles, and read to you from these two or three verses, to which you may direct them: this will try whether or not they can read well. You may then encourage them to think on such things as you remark from the passage, and never to forget those "faulty sayings" of God. You may sometimes leave with them some serious question, which you may tell them they shall not answer to you, but to themselves; such as the following: "What have I been doing, even since I came into the world, about the great errand upon which God sent me into the world?" "If God should now call me out of the world, what would become of me throughout eternal ages?"—"Have I ever yet, by faith, carried a perishable soul to my only Saviour, both for righteousness and salvation?" You will enjoy a most wonderful presence of God with you in this undertaking; and will seldom leave a family without having observed many tears shed by all sorts of persons in it. As you can seldom visit more than four or five families in an afternoon, the work may be as laborious as any part of your ministry. My son, I advise you to set a special value on that part of your ministry, which is to be discharged in pastoral visits. You will not only do good, but also get good, by your conversation with all sorts of persons, in thus visiting them "from house to house." And you will never more "walk in the spirit" than when you thus walk among your flock, to do what you can amongst them. In your visits, an incredible deal

of good may be done, by distributing little books of piety. You may, without expense, be furnished with such books, to suit all persons and circumstances: books for the old and for the young—for persons under afflictions or desorptions—for persons who are under the power of particular vices—for those who neglect domestic religion—for seafaring persons—for the erroneous. You may remarkably enforce your admonitions, by leaving suitable books in the hands of those with whom you have conversed; you may give them to understand that you would be still considered as conversing with them by these books, after you have left them. And in this way you may speak more than you have time to do in any personal interview; yea, sometimes more than you would wish to do. By good books a salt of piety is scattered about a neighborhood.

COTTON MATHER.

Mr. Triebner, an aged Lutheran minister, frequently went to the Methodist chapel while Mr. Bramwell was in Hull. A friend one day asked him, "Mr. Triebner, how do you like Mr. Bramwell's preaching?" And possibly anticipating an objection, said, "Does he not often wander from his subject?" "Yes," replied the venerable old gentleman, "he do wander most delightfully from the subject to do heart."

If he was sent on a message, and desired to go at a certain time, he would delay till the last minute, asserting, that there was *time enough* yet, by which it often happened that the message was useless. His younger brothers had made considerably more progress in learning than himself; but if reminded that the hours of youth were precious and ought to be improved, he would assent to the truth of the remark; but he said to himself, *there is time enough yet*; I can overtake them when I please.

It was in vain to tell him that this was a habit which grew more powerful by indulgence, and that the sooner he conquer'd it the better. *"It is time enough yet,"* to set about that, said the self-sufficient boy: I can do it any day I like.

His father had promised his children an excursion by water. The day was appointed, the whole party were to assemble at the breakfast table by eight o'clock in the morning, and for this purpose they were to rise at six. At six o'clock, the little folks were called; and all, except Alfred, immediately arose—he inquired what hour it was, and turning round, said, *"It is time enough yet."* I shall be ready early enough. But although the bright summer's sun shone in his face, Alfred lay fast asleep, and breakfast being finished, the party went off, leaving Alfred to mourn over his disappointment.

On their return at night, Mr. Saunders assembled his children together, and took the opportunity to warn them of the folly and danger of encouraging the habit which had lost Alfred a share in the pleasure of the day.

My dear children, said he, you cannot yet be aware of the importance of diligence, punctuality, and industry in every pursuit. Habits of indolence will render you useless, instead of valuable members of society. If you act throughout life on the principle of poor Alfred, that *there is time enough yet*, you will be unhappy yourselves, and be despised by others. Let us suppose you grown up and engaged in business; you make an engagement with an individual at a certain hour on matters of importance. This habit of indulging the thought, that *"It is time enough yet,"* will lead you to break your appointments—thus disappointing your friend, who finding that you do not scruple to violate your word, will place no dependence on your promises for the future.

But, my dear children, I am apprehensive lest you should indulge in this feeling in the more important concerns of the soul. I know how common it is for young people to think, when they are invited to imitate the example of early piety, which we set before them, that *"It is time enough yet."* Recollect, however, that our time is short; that our life is compared, in the word of God, to the vapor that appears for a little time—to the flower, which in the morning is green and fresh in its beauty, and in the evening is cut down and withered. True wisdom consists in an early dedication of the heart to the Saviour, and the greatest folly is shown by those who presume to estimate how long they may delay seeking his salvation. Let me intrust you to seek him while he is to be found; for now is the accepted time—even to-morrow may be too late.

Alfred Saunders grew up to be a young man; as his parents feared, so it proved: he neglected to conquer the habit of deferring till to-morrow what might be done to-day, and the evils which his father had pointed out, were exhibited in his conduct. But while yet in the flower of his age, in the midst of the gaiety of his heart, while he was planning for future years, he was attacked by violent fever. On the sick bed from which he never again arose, he mourned over his folly, and bitterly reproached himself for his indifference to parental exhortations. His affectionate parents attempted to direct him even then to the Saviour, as able to pardon those who believe on Him, but to all their efforts his reply to the last was, *"No! no! It is now too late—it is too late!"*

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REV. MR. PATTERSON'S SPEECH.

The following is an extract from the speech of the Rev. W. Patterson, of New York, at the late meeting of the Seamen's Friend Society of London, as it is reported in the British Sailor's Magazine, for July.

"I was struck with a remark I heard here yesterday, my Lord, which I will apply to-day: it was this: Give to the Irish the Bible in their own language, for there is a charm about it; so I give the sailor the gospel in *his own peculiar language*, for there is a charm about it. I remember a man, (now dead,) in addressing the Bible Society of New Haven, begged the privilege of speaking to the sailor in his own dialect, and the doctrines of the cross were arrayed before them in language familiar to them; and I recollect his telling the poor sailor to put down his helm, and steer his ship off from the rocks and breakers on which he was driving; and O, this cry went through the audience, 'My dear boys, hold on all you have got, and betay!' The sailor is susceptible of the highest moral cultivation, and not only so, but I think it may be proved that the world is indebted to sailors in a peculiar manner. Have indulged myself with thoughts like these—from whose toil is it we derive our luxuries? By whose hazard is it that the merchant makes his money? that the country's honor is supported? By whom? It is by the sweat of sailors—it is by the bravery of tars—if then they have rolled in so much to us who are enjoying the smiles of God's providence, is it hard that the world, and especially the mercantile world, should come and give a Bethel Flag to a ship that rides the ocean? Never speak evil of a man, when your speaking may probably do much hurt, but can not possibly do any good."

A STRANGE THING.

A tract of twelve pages, with this title, says the New York Observer, has been recently published by the American Tract Society at Boston. "It exhibits the arguments against the doctrine of universal salvation, in a popular form, but very conclusively. If this doctrine be true, it is strange that the apostles manifested so much solicitude for the salvation of their hearers—that their preaching excited so much alarm—and so much opposition—that Christ used language of such fearful import concerning the finally impenitent, and represents so great a diversity between their condition and that of others—that God does not distribute rewards and punishments according to the desert of men, in this life—and often suddenly removes them from the world, as a punishment for sin."

THE WORLD. This world is a stage, the play is a tragic comedy of the life and death of man. Each man plays his part and goes out. I will endeavor to act a noble character, and act it well. The following epitaph on a comedian named Havard, written by David Garrick, is strongly illustrative of the foregoing statement.

Havard from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
An honest man! beloved as soon as known.
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part;
The noble character he acted well,
And Heaven approved when the curtain fell.

If a proud man keeps me at a distance, my comfort is, he keeps his distance also. The best method of humbling a proud man is to take no notice of him.

EARLY RISING. The difference between rising at six and rising at eight, in the course of 40 years, supposing the person goes to bed always at the same hour, amounts to 29,200 hours; or 3 years, 121 days, and 16 hours: which afford *eight hours a day* for exactly 10 years; which is in fact, the same as if 10 years were added to the period of our lives, in which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the despatch of our business.

they declared they were sorry for it the moment it escaped their lips, and pardon a remark that seems somewhat personal as respects myself: when the vessel was about to leave Liverpool, I